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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate increasing cloudiness and thunder showers at night.

The "object lesson" vinegar doesn't make good bait for flies.

If Warner Miller gets into the Republican State Convention he will have to execute a side-door movement.

The Democratic party ought to be thankful to the Evening Post for the bolt it has executed and the pamphlets it has issued.

Li Hung Chang is acquiring a taste for beer. Later on he may become imbued with Herr Most's idea and support the Republican ticket.

Notwithstanding the recent and numerous lynchings which have occurred in that State, a crime wave seems to be sweeping over Maryland. Is it not about time for Maryland's reform administration to assert itself?

Several thousand miners in Michigan have been thrown out of employment in order that they may see the error of their way and vote for McKinley. This mode of campaigning is an excellent running mate for the policy of the rural doctor who used to throw his patients into convulsions in order to cure them of minor disorders.

The Baltimore News, an admirer of Mr. Cleveland, which bolted the Democratic ticket last year as well as this year, doesn't want Secretary Morton as the gold nominee. The News declares that Mr. Morton has done the cause of gold more harm than good. But Mr. Morton is not the only gold man who comes in under this head. There are many others.

The Buffalo Express and other Warner Miller organs are engaged in reproducing some of Mr. Platt's ante-convention opinions of the Republican Presidential nominee. The indications [illegible] the Democratic and anti-Platt press, Mr. Platt will be forced to adopt a department of publicity and explanation before entering upon active campaign work.

The victory of the Democrats at Brunswick, Md., which was commented upon in yesterday's Journal, had a significance above and beyond its value as an indication of the fealty of the Southern States to Democracy. Brunswick is a railroad town, supported by disbursal of railway moneys, populated by railway employes. The B. and O. has there its great freight yards and shops. Nine-tenths of the people of the town are either employed by the railroad or are dependent for a livelihood upon those who are so employed. Like other monopolistic corporations, the B. and O. is opposed this year to the success of the Democratic party, and in the election just decided used every effort to avert Democratic victory. The outcome shows that railroad men are free men, and will not be controlled in their exercise of the rights of citizenship by either the threats or the cajollery of their employers. The lesson is one which will be of value in the remainder of the national campaign.

WHY VOTE AT ALL?

Says the Hon. J. Sterling Morton: "Nearly always when they have an opportunity the people vote for schemes and devices to destroy public credit and bring financial dishonor."

If this be true, the necessary corollary is that the American people are incapable of self-government, and really need, as Ambassador Bayard assured the approving people of Great Britain, a strong man to govern them.

Secretary Morton should have the courage of his convictions. He should carry his theory that the American voter is always to be relied on to compel national dishonor to its logical conclusion. Instead of planning to put a third ticket in the field wherewith to cajole these untrustworthy and disreputable voters, he might attempt a coup d'etat at Washington by which [illegible] element of popular and universal [illegible]e should be forever excluded [illegible]he plan of government in the [illegible] States. Or, if this plan seems [illegible]dical for Mr. Morton, it is still [illegible]o him to continue his organization of a party among the discontented [illegible]crats and go before the people this simple platform:

Whereas, The people always vote schemes to destroy public credit bring financial dishonor;

Resolved, That universal suffrage [illegible] the United States shall now be abandoned, and national issues settled hereafter by the votes of banks, insurance companies, railway corporations, trusts and corporations possessing monopoly privileges."

THE PATRIOTIC BANKERS.

The banks have come to the relief of the Treasury, giving it gold in exchange for legal tenders, in order to spare it the necessity of issuing more bonds before election. That is kind of them, but their action suggests a few reminiscences.

For eleven years before the passage of the Sherman act, in 1890, the redeemability in gold of our $346,000,000 of greenbacks had been maintained without friction or inconvenience to the Government. The Treasury had a legal right to pay its notes in either gold or silver, but the demands for redemption were so small that no embarrassment was caused by allowing the holders to choose the kind of coin they preferred.

The Sherman act added a new element to the currency—about $150,000,000 of notes issued in payment for silver bullion and redeemable in coin. It was expected by Congress that these notes would be habitually redeemed in silver, and that the bullion for whose purchase they were issued would be coined for that purpose. But the Harrison Administration decided that this bullion should be treated as junk, and that the notes should be paid in gold on demand. This policy increased the gold obligations of the Government by about forty per cent, while falling revenues and increasing expenditures were diminishing its ability to meet them.

Soon after the passage of the Sherman act the banks seem to have decided that the time had come for a systematic and prolonged "object lesson" that would not only scare the country into stopping silver purchases, but would induce it definitely to adopt the gold standard. Up to that time the great bulk of the customs revenues had been paid in gold. The first Sherman notes were issued in August, 1890. At the end of that month there were only $3,609,000 of them outstanding, and of these $454,541 had been gathered up and paid into the Custom House at New York for duties. At the end of the next month there were $8,069,000 in Sherman notes outstanding, of which $1,734,404 had been paid in for customs at New York. In two months the proportion of customs duties paid in gold at New York had fallen from 95.4 to 85.6 per cent, and the proportion paid in Sherman notes had risen from nothing to 11 per cent. The next month the payments in Sherman notes increased to 15.5 per cent, while those in gold declined to 81.1. In June, 1893, not a single cent was paid in gold, while 35 per cent of the total payments were in Sherman notes.

This object lesson was successful, with the help of the closing of the Indian mints and heavy demands on the Treasury for the redemption of both greenbacks and Sherman notes in gold, in securing the stoppage of silver purchases. But there still remained the definite adoption of the gold standard and the retirement of the greenbacks. The Sherman note scarecrow, having served its turn, was promptly dropped. The customs payments in such notes at New York fell off to 1.7 per cent in September, 1895, or less than one-half as much when there were $143,666,280 of such notes outstanding as in the very first month of the law, when only $3,609,000 of them had been issued. It was now the turn of the greenbacks to serve as the object lesson. In February, 1894 (the month of the first bond issue), they constituted 20.5 per cent of the customs payments at New York; in November of the same year (the month of the second bond issue), 55 per cent; in February, 1895 (the month of the syndicate loan), 63.1 per cent, and in September of the same year, 78.1 per cent. And still Congress did not retire them.

Meanwhile the gold which the importers had ceased to pay into the Treasury the bankers were rapidly drawing out. In February, 1894, the month of the first bond issue, they drew $19,193,354 by presenting greenbacks and Treasury notes and demanding gold. Of this they exported $1,068,335, and stacked the other eighteen millions away. In November, 1894, the month of the second bond issue, they drew $7,799,747, all of which they kept, importing $1,507,388 in addition. That whetted their appetites, and in the next two months they had depleted the Treasury of $77,024,959 of the gold which they had just lent it. They sent $34,122,928 of this to Europe, and kept about forty-three millions in their vaults. Then the Belmonts, Rothschilds and Morgans saved the Treasury by buying $62,315,400 of bonds at 104½, the same bonds selling in the market at from 119½ to 124½ as soon as they were offered to the public.

This process has continued steadily until the present time. When we were buying silver under the Sherman act we were told that if those purchases were stopped the drain on the Treasury's stock of gold would be relieved. The purchases were stopped, and the banks have drawn more gold out of the Treasury since than they had done before in the whole period since the resumption of specie payments.

Now they are becoming alarmed at their own work. The "object lesson" is not working as they expected, and they are patriotically returning to the Treasury some of the gold they took out. But note the process. The metal was withdrawn by presenting legal tender notes and demanding their payment in gold. The gold is now returned in exchange for the same notes. But under the policy initiated by Harrison and Foster, and continued by Cleveland and Carlisle, the Government simply holds that gold on deposit for the holders of those notes. They can withdraw it again whenever they choose. And what would they be likely to choose in the event of Mr. Hanna's election to the Presidency? They have shown that their appetite for bonds is insatiable. Only the necessity of pandering to public opinion in the crisis of this campaign restrains them from forcing a new bond issue now. Elect Hanna, and public opinion will cease to be formidable. The sight-orders on the Treasury's gold now held by the bankers can then be presented with safety.

A MATTER OF REPUTATION.

Really there is nothing sensational nor anything so very extraordinary about the latest political roorback which is causing the anti-Bryan press to have spasms of compassion for presumably insulted Populists. It is nothing more than another paragraph in a chapter of journalistic mendacity which New York has been reading for twelve years.

A New York newspaper has quoted Senator J. K. Jones, of the Democratic National Committee, as commenting upon the character of the Southern Populists in a way which would certainly be justly offensive to them. Senator Jones says flatly that he said nothing of the sort. Under ordinary circumstances there would be no reason to ascribe to the word of a politician—even though he be a United States Senator—a degree of sanctity denied to that of a newspaper correspondent. But in this instance certain attendant circumstances make the Senator's denial perfectly credible—indeed conclusive.

It was the New York World which quoted—or misquoted—Chairman Jones—the same newspaper whose enterprise in interviewing the astronomer Schiaparelli set the scientific world agog until the interview was pronounced and proved fraudulent. The minds of well-informed New Yorkers reading Senator Jones's disavowal will inevitably turn back to the time when Emilio Castelar, Spain's greatest statesman, was compelled to formally denounce the World as liar and forger for having put forth as a signed communication from him an article he had neither written nor seen. And if a more recent instance of the reckless criminality of this newspaper, which now sets its reputation for truth telling against that of Senator Jones, be needed, it will be found in the publication the day after the nomination of Mr. Bryan of an article purporting to be written and signed by him, which he had neither seen, dictated nor authorized, and which expressed sentiments wholly at variance with his utterances and his convictions.

Senator Jones is fortunate in his accuser. Its ill-repute makes his position impregnable.

This gem of humor from the ever scintillating mouth of our own Chauncey Depew is pervading the press of the nation, having been given publicity first by the New York Press:

Chauncey M. Depew told a good story yesterday as showing the ludicrous side of the free silver craze. "A man could get rich with one dollar as capital if this country had free silver," he said. "He could take one dollar's worth of silver, have it coined, and then go to the United States Treasury and get a dollar in gold for it. With this gold dollar he could purchase more silver bullion at fifty cents on the dollar, have it coined and repeat the process. By this financial trick the Government would be made bankrupt within a week. But it would be a quick way for a silver mine owner to get rich."

If anybody could get a dollar at the mint for "50 cents worth" of silver, how could Mr. Depew's man buy this amount of silver for less than one dollar? Moreover, what is there in the free coinage programme which promises a gold dollar in exchange for 371¼ grains of pure silver? Mr. Depew's humor seems to be akin to that of the Baron Munchausen.

The result of the Alabama election has demonstrated that fusion is not necessary to Democratic success in the Southern States. Hence the occupations of numerous professional third party men are gone.

It appears that there are a large number of voters in this State who are willing to risk the penalty attached to disagreement with Hon. Andrew D. White.

First Appearance of "The Telephone Girl."

London, July 28.—The embers of poor Sir Gus's career are still flickering. One of the many pies in which he had a finger was served up in a remote region of London last night. In other words, "The Telephone Girl" made its first appearance in the metropolis in the far-off Metropole Theatre, at Camberwell. It was a "new musical comedy," of course, built on the lines of the George Edwardes shows—lines that Edwardes himself begins to look upon as rusty and dilapidated.

No less than seven names are mentioned as responsible for this latest effort—surely a symptom of degeneration. The days when two men—a composer and a librettist—could give birth to a musical comedy are past. A procession is necessary. Half a dozen cooks must dally with the broth before it can be dished up. And as I watched "The Telephone Girl" I couldn't help wondering that fourteen eyes saw no imperfections; that fourteen ears heard no banalities, and that seven noses were unable to sniff the distressing and decadent odor of triteness. The original piece from which "The Telephone Girl" was taken was called "La Demoiselle du Telephone," and it was evolved by Desvallieres and Feydeau. Then Sir Gus took it, and with the aid of the arid Mr. Burnand and A. Sturgess cantered with it into the English language. The other cooks were Gaston Serpett and J. M. Glover, who supplied the musical furnishings.

The musical comedy has no originality to offer. It is satisfied with moving along the drippingly oiled tracks of which I have written you so much. There is perhaps a trifle more story to it than most musical comedies can boast, but the story is stupid and insistently tiresome. I presume that some stellar lady of the Marie Jansen calibre will get hold of it and revel, for the leading role is a capital one, full of "fat" and moulded on the "centre of the stage." The "telephone girl" is a skittish damsel in love with a clerk in a banking house. At the telephone exchange she learns of his "perfidy" with Mlle. Belle Belle, an "unrivalled variety sparkler," goes to her house as a servant, surprises the miscreant lover and wins him back. She sings and dances and cracks jokes and makes merry to her heart's content. There is, in fact, too much of the "telephone girl." A one-part musical comedy is rather a dangerous affair to launch, even with such an admirable actress as Miss Ada Blanche, "late of the Drury Lane Theatre" (doesn't that sound Dickens-y?), to do the monologue.

And Ada Blanche is as bright as a button. I don't remember ever having seen her before, but I shan't forget her. She can sing, and she can dance. She isn't a bit dainty or winsome. She belongs to the type that is usually described as "dashing," and she dashed through the part of Lottie, the telephone girl, until there was nothing left of it. She tore it to tatters and shook the tatters triumphantly in the face of the audience. One song, "I Work a Telephone," she boomed into an immediate success, and a titillant ditty it proved to be with its chorus of telephone bells and telephone girls. It was the saving grace of the musical comedy—the compensation for the trip to Camberwell.

None of the other songs call for mention. A topical song sung by Charles Wilbrow and Charles Angels, with the refrain "He Would Be a Fool If He Did," was fairly successful. It reminded me of New York successes of years ago, when we all used to revel in topical songs, which Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell didn't dare to omit from any of the roles they wished to popularize. How odd it is that London should be considered so far ahead of the times when it will tolerate features that lived in New York ten years ago, and are now dead and buried, as far as the American metropolis is concerned! Yet that is precisely the state of things. The topical song I have just mentioned dealt with every conceivable topic, from the incessant "Dr. Jim" to the awe-inspiring bicycle. And the two singers indulged in the very tactics that I used to loathe so heartily in New York. After each verse they rushed off the stage, with the feeble pretence that they had finished, only to break out in a new place as soon as the first hand of applause was heard.

Of course there was a bird song. The rage for parrots and goldfinches and tomtits continues. They are so much "cuter" than men and women, I suppose. This time it was a cockatoo that was used, in an inane ditty entitled "Mary Kept a Cockatoo." It fell flat. Miss Ada Blanche, clever as she is, cannot successfully poach upon the preserves of Letty Lind, who is now the bird-impersonator of London. Miss Blanche tried to imitate Letty's famous parrot-shriek in "The Geisha," but she failed, and the cockatoo turned out to be an annoyance. I can't think why the quail-on-toast hasn't been utilized in London's seething music, and I feel quite sure that if I stayed here much longer, I should hear an ode to a chicken's liver, en brochette.

Our old friend Alice Barnett, whom you recently saw in "His Excellency," played the part of a superintendent of the telephone department and traded buffoon-like on her colossal proportions. Gilbert always liked Alice Barnett, because she was built for his Katishas and Lady Janes, and this unfortunate reputation has clung to the poor creature ever since. I say "unfortunate," because it is surely rather pitiful to utilize one's physical enormities. It is less objectionable in a man than in a woman. The audience howled with laughter when Miss Barnett appeared, garbed as a pink angel, with wings, in the masquerade ball scene in the second act. This scene was lugged in apropos of nothing whatsoever, in order to give the "girls" a chance to change their sedate telephone costumes.

The other members of the cast are not known to my readers, nor is there much likelihood of their securing an introduction in the immediate future. Some of the maidens were programmed with cholcely ridiculous names One was Miss Gwnette Bolyn; another was Miss Maud Esdalle. Then came a Miss Gravenstien, a Miss Frazieur (Frazer wouldn't be good enough), and a Miss Vi Fulton. There is no place like London for high-falutin nomenclature. Budding aspirants are determined that they wont fail for want of a good name, and the crop of Hyacinths and Ermyntrudes and Guineveres in the London choruses is enormous.

I can't imagine what the future of "The Telephone Girl" will be. It might possibly be stuffed to success. By that I mean that a crowd of good specialties might be introduced. Edwardes' however, and he is a good authority, believes that musical comedy is on the decline, and "My Girl," at the Gaiety—a melodrama with musical accessories—is excellent proof of this belief. I don't see how the mania can last much longer. It raged like a cyclone in New York, much to the detriment of the American stage, and if it continues much longer over here, the disastrous consequences cannot be estimated, for with musical comedies to add their persuasiveness to that of the teeming music halls, legitimate playwrights will see bankruptcy staring them in the face. However, I wont gloom. Things generally right themselves, and the worst fevers burn themselves out. And the future, by-the-by, has always taken care of itself, hasn't it? ALAN DALE.

RAMESES HANNA, THE M'KINLEY MANAGER, PROSECUTES HIS CAUSE WITH FERVOR.

It was early morning just following eggs and coffee, and the Waldorf had again resumed the drowsy task of living through the day. Rameses Hanna, who had taken up the contract to elect one McKinley to the Presidency—whereof it was said by many of much wisdom that Rameses Hanna had bitten off more than he might creditably masticate—repaired to Isis, the type-

Prithee! Fair Maid.

writer. He had cogent need of Isis; Rameses Hanna would dictate.

"And prithee, fair maid," said Rameses Hanna, as he threatened Isis with a forefinger of grievances portent, "the letters I'm going to dictate is dead confidential. See? One is to Phtah Platt, who created the Egg of the Sun and the Moon, and the other is Kneph Bliss, the Ram-Headed. I would rather the Nile ran dry than that you should in some funny moment put the clerk of this caravansary or some other guy who's trying to star you, onto the contents of these missives. It would queer me, as well as thrun me game. See? What's your name?"

"Me name's Mame," replied Isis, "an' I'm as square a chip as ever t'umps a key. There's no tout tryin' to star me; and I aint got no steady to tell me business to. So I aint goin' to make no gay breaks about your business. See? You gives me your letters an' it stops right there—don't go no further; not on your life! D' snoozers who dictates letters to me 'll give it to you straight that for open an' shut secrecy I'm d' peach of d' typewritin' push."

"And those who call you a peach are pomologically out of sight," replied Rameses Hanna, much mollified, for the ingenuous innocence of Isis had won his confidence.

Having dictated a couple of letters—one to Platt, the Creator of the Egg of the Sun and Moon, and one to Bliss, the Ram-Head-

He Goes Forth to Knock.

ed—wherein he confided to each, and laid it bare and made it clear, that he put no trust in the other, Rameses Hanna prepared himself to depart to the serious business of the day.

"You're leary these stiffs'll give you the crooked racket?" remarked Isis, referring to Rameses Hanna's communications to Bliss, the Ram-Headed, and Platt, the Creator of the Egg of the Sun and the Moon.

Isis was like all the sisters of her mystery of type-writing, and hankered jealously to know things.

"Pish! tush! fair maid," replied Rameses Hanna, as he fitted his hat to his swollen head. "Also, oddzooks! Meddle not; monkey not. Still, if you're out for a tip, I'll give it to you on the quiet. I wouldn't trust either Platt, the Creator of the Egg of the Sun and the Moon, or Bliss, the Ram-Headed, as far as I could distribute a bull by the tail."

Saying which, Rameses Hanna, taking two hammers as symbolizing a willingness on his part to be a knocker, repaired to Wall street to see about the collection of a campaign fund.

"What we needs is stuff—the dough, see?" remarked Rameses Hanna to Banker Morgan, sometimes called the Harpakhrat, "and the marble don't spin once till we get our lamps on the said long green."

"And the scads you shall have," replied Harpakhrat Morgan, the Banker. "As soon as I consults wid a duck across the street we'll set in our stacks."

"Well," retorted Rameses Hanna, impatiently, "get a curve onto yourselfs, for every hour you loses is just so much delayin' a game. I ought to be back in Ohio this holy minute."

"We'll get the hustle of our lifes on," replied Harpakhrat Morgan. "All I got to do is to skin across to Belmont Set, an' the trick is turned, see?"

"But I thought Belmont Set was a Democrat?" said Rameses Hanna.

"Not when it's a case of biz," replied Harpakhrat Morgan. With that he swiftly screwed his nut, while Rameses Hanna wended to the headquarters of the great McKinley Whitehouse syndicate, whereof he was the lord high muck-a-muck.

Rameses Hanna had not long to bide the coming of Belmont Set, and his friend Harpakhrat Morgan. Their sandals were soon heard, "tap! tap!" on the stair. As they broke into the presence of Rameses Hanna each bore sacks of scudi in his dukes.

"Dump the dough on the table," said Rameses Hanna, and a smile gashed his wide face with the unctuous satisfaction which money brings. When he proffered the

Harpakhrat Morgan and Belmont Set

cheroots. "Would'st fumigate, me bold buckos?" asked Rameses Hanna, airily.

Harpakhrat Morgan and Belmont Set took each a cheroot. They were of the sort the Health Officer forges measures against, for Rameses Hanna bought his tobacco of an escaped Cuban revolutionist. But neither Harpakhrat Morgan nor Belmont Set seemed to care, but puffed at them as if they put no value on life.

"How does the game size up as far as you've got?" at last asked Harpakhrat Morgan of Rameses Hanna.

"Dead bad," replied Rameses Hanna gloomily. "Bechuxt pals an' not to go no furder, this skate Bryan's runnin' like a scared wolf; see! We've got to burn money from now on or we're gone goslin's."

"Is it Bryan or silver that's showin' d' speed?" asked Belmont Set.

"Both," replied Rameses Hanna. "Bryan an' silver is both dead abrupt. The combination's about as soon a proposition as ever hits the road, an' that aint no fake, neither."

"It's too many for me," said Harpakhrat Morgan, shaking his head doubtfully. "All I knows is that wherever I chases I finds the gang's for silver. They says they don't care to chin about it at all; they's goin' to vote for Bryan just once, if they lose."

"On my life," quoth Rameses Hanna. "I can't account for the trouble more than youse. All I knows is that there's been the greatest case of runnin' switch I ever sees. There's men who's for gold a month ago, an' Bryan has got 'em dead to rights now. If I foresees what we'd be up against I'd not been in on the play the way I bees, you can betcher life.'

"Well, we're in an' must stay wid our hands now," said Belmont Set. "We must make our money talk, an' maybe we can put a crimp in silve yet."

"Pray heaven! we do not ourselfs get it in the neck," observed Harpakhrat Morgan, as the conference broke up and Rameses Hanna bowed the others to the door.

The echoes of the footsteps of Harpakhrat Morgan and Belmont Set had died away when a great gnawing fell out within the stomach of Rameses Hanna. He reflected that he had not eaten for many hours.

At the tinkle of the bell a Nubian slave appeared.

"What would Your Jiblets have?" asked the Nubian slave, as he bent the knee before Rameses Hanna.

It must be remembered that Rameses Hanna was a mighty man in the eyes of the humble Nubian slave, who esteemed him as big as the side of a house. Besides he re-

The Dough Is Dumped.

flected that if he louted low before Rameses Hanna he might work him for a tip.

"Wouldst serve me, fellow?" said Rameses Hanna.

"Now, heaven save Your Majesty," replied the Nubian slave, devoutly, "and bring your leg within me grasp an' give me strength to pull. Name out the food an' drink thou lackest an' I'll spring it on you with a brevity to beat four of a kind. Again I ask what would lacks Your Jags?"

"Well, don't make it a hand-out. See!" said Rameses Hanna. "Bring on d' most of d' best youse uv got. Now skate, an' get it right or I'll push in your face."

"Yes, me lord," said the Nubian slave, and he skated.

When Rameses Hanna had slaked his hunger and appeased his thirst, and when he had stood for a slight elongation of his off leg in the modest interests of the Nubian slave, the great syndicate manager took out his campaign fund for the purpose of making an account of stock. As he counted, there came through the open doors many Republicans and gold-bug Democrats, as well as others who were spellbinders, ward heelers and camp followers of politics. They were from the city as well as from rustic regions far up the State. These, approaching, gave Rameses Hanna the gay face and the glad hand, for they at once tumbled to the money.

"Do we get it?" said they to Rameses Hanna, pointing civilly at the heaped up treasure. "Are we in on this?"

"Nit," replied Hanna; "not on your tin-types."

"And are we to vote for gold an' got none?" shouted the callers. "Behold we don't stand for this. See? We will whoop it up for silver, an' we be not greased."

The Nubian Slave.

"Youse dubs can't bluff me," replied Rameses Hanna, with an eye of ice. "Before ever any of you guys can make a touch, Perkins, called Hathor, the Cow-Headed Perk, me secretary, must go through youse wid a lantern."

"Is this a dream of the pipe, or does it go?" asked one of the callers. "Or is it a cold thrun-down?"

"It goes, you bet," said Hanna. "Perk, alias Hathor the Cow-Headed, takes a toss

"Do we get it?" "Nit; not on your tin-types."

out of your credentials before ever you grates off so much as the price of a beer. See? Youse can't play me for no farmer; so, until Perk, otherwise Hathor the Cow-Headed, blows in, youse might as well make it a case of sneak."

But the assembly having the gold before them were loath to sneak as commanded by Rameses Hanna. They remained and murmured among themselves, saying:

"Get onto d' old bluffer! For a mixed ale we'd soak him in d' sneller."

Here we leave them, full of a pleased confidence that Rameses Hanna is on the threshold of a lively chapter of his life.

A. H. L.